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The
Pathos of Song
and Other Poems

By George Keller DeLong



1918

FIFTH EDITION—Revised and Supplemented

PUBLISHED BY THE
DeLong Publishing Company
ALLEN TOWN, PA.

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PRELUDE

LURE OF THE STARS

How oft I've gazed far into depths of night;
Yea braced mine arms desiring to embrace
The glow of promise as the stars would grace
My hopeful heart with fathomless delight.
"Fear you not darkness child, know you not fright
Nor dread the veil of gloom—so blithe to face
The deep abyss where mysteries efface
The shadows past, of day, with gruesome blight?"
"The night is dark but lo, the stars, the stars!
The shadows of the day—despairing ghosts—
Have vanished while the stars still brightly shine.
Thus, beckoned from on high, vain fear least mars
The calling, through the night, of heavenly hosts
That bid me *ever make their height all mine.*"

In Memoriam

TO

PROF. M. N. HUTTEL

WHO IN 1905 INTRODUCED ME AS A POET.

(No rights reserved on this sonnet)

Thy lot was cast a challenger of arts,
To thy blest memory I feel I should
Produce a legend to thine hardihood
To number thee among the demi-gods.
Midst barren Deserts lay an Oasis,
To where a Vulture and a Falcon fell
In fatal combat locked—their gizzards well
Supplied with Seed; and thus, from out of this
There sprung a mighty Oak from barrenness;
There also grew a Vine that needed aid,
Lest it were buried 'neath the Desert sands:
Thus thou didst stand when thou my soul didst
bless.
God wots this Oak choked 'neath o'erpow'ring
Shade,
Full petrified, erect, immortal stands.

*



GEORGE KELLER DELONG
1905

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MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Man makes for *fact*—self-evident *reality*;
Fact makes for *knowledge*—the *apprehension* of
 reality;
Knowledge makes for *sense*—the *appreciation* of
 reality;
Sense makes for *truth*—the *comprehension* of efficient
 reality;
Truth makes for *justice*—the *apportionment* of effi-
 ciency;
Justice makes for *responsibility*—the *application* of
 efficiency;
Responsibility makes for *liberty*—the *appropriation* of
 efficiency: *Moreover*,
Liberty is worth while only as there *is* responsibility;
Responsibility is worth while only as there *is* justice;
Justice is worth while only as there *is* truth;
Truth is worth while only as there *is* sense;
Sense is worth while only as there *is* knowledge;
Knowledge is worth while only as there *is* fact;
Fact is worth while only as there *is* man.

Furthermore,

I have *faith* that *God* dominates the destiny of all;
I have *hope* that *God* has infinite resources and is gra-
 cious;
I have *love* to share *God's* blessings with every one who
 will.

The above basic principles of my philosophy and
faith (which is the outgrowth of philosophy) are
here given to satisfy those who want to know my
politics and *religion*. I have little sympathy with
factional or sectarian strife.

GEORGE KELLER DELONG.

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JUN -3 1918

THE PATHOS OF SONG

Within a lowly flat a family
Ekes out a life in dire humility.
The father leaves for work at early morn,
Nor does return till eve, all tired and worn.

The mother who is cook and nurse and maid
And washerwoman and a common aid,
Gets up at five a breakfast to prepare,
And thence to lose herself in toil and care.

Her children she prepares to send to school,
And this the while she sings, most as a rule;
Again to hush the little babe she sings
The while another pulls her apron strings.

And while she sweeps the floor she beats the time
To some sweet melody of quick'ning rhyme;
If she does not in baby talk commune,
She seeks a solace in a soothing tune.

"She must be happy"—oft her neighbors said—
"Or could she sing as if she knew no dread?"
From morn till eve her voice with pathos rings
As she performs her duties while she sings.

What promise makes her e'er so jubilant
While care and duties are e'er dominant?
It seems she could all weariness ignore
As though her labors had some wealth in store.

Is she indeed so happy all day long
That she must needs pour forth her soul in song,
Or is she stricken with forlorn and grief
That she indeed must seek in song relief?

Each careworn mother knows, and let her tell
Of griefs forlorn which song alone can quell.
Should this my song evoke a mother's heart—
Its pathos would but sympathy impart.

THE NATAL CORD

To the west frontier of wildwood
Pushed ambitious pioneers,
Trusting God as ev'ry child should.
Buoyed to faith and hope by seers.

Strove a colony together—
Cleared the brush and felled the trees:
Waving wheat soon vied with heather,
Yielding fully its increase.

And of logs was built a village—
Humble homes, but deemed secure:
Here no robbers seek to pillage
Such as other lands endure.

Their new neighbors were the Indians
Who would never bar their door.
Quite unwary-trusting '*rind-yanks*'
They must soon their plight deplore.

Ah! the '*rind-yanks*'—ruthless Yankee
Trader, not in search of home,
Come to cheat the Indians, then flee—
Leaving dues the settler's doom.

While the settlers, unsuspecting—
(Born of natal brother love)—
Trust a '*rind-yank*'—not electing
That 'tis need one first to prove.

Now a *rind-yank*' came— as wonted
Shelter with the settlers found—
To the wild he went undaunted,
Sought the Indians to confound.

When the Indians he had cheated—
Their opinions had misled—
Though their vengeance he had heated,
To the village back he fled.

From the village he then ventured—
Whither, no one ever knows.
Would he care if they were censured?
Cared he if they suffered woes?

From the wild the Indians followed--
Came within the settlers' town
As their warriors weirdly hollered
While their old men wore a frown.

From the settlers they demanded
To deliver up the thief:
“The deceiver must be handed
Over to our honest chief.”

Then the settlers vainly pleaded—
Swore they knew not where he went;
And the old men they entreated
To disclose what caused this rent.

Then an aged Indian answered—
Gravely, shocking words he spoke:
“To our Indian camp he transferred
Poisons such as death provoke.

“Much fire-water he had brought us
To confuse our warriors bold;
This, and more, 'tis what has wrought us
Full of wrath we can't withhold.

“Where the Serpent Mound shows plainly
Whither warriors journey forth,
There the squaws are weeping vainly
While the breeze is speeding north:

“Weeping o'er the vacant snowshoe;
Weeping o'er the bow unstrung.
If you doubt, we fain would show you
How our bond of peace is sprung.”

Then the spokesman of the settlers
Fainly would their wrath appease:
"If there is a ruthless meddler
Who disturbs the Indians' peace,

"We are willing him to punish—
(As your wise chief well decrees;)
Thus all settlers to admonish,
Honestly to keep the peace.

"Let as many, as have seen him,
Search our settlement quite o'er.
We have surely never been in
Such a trouble e'er before."

But the '*rind-yank*' now had vanished
Far beyond the danger zone.
Fierce fire-water peace had banished,
Now must massacre atone.

Lo, lo the warriors shrieked most weirdly
As their warwhoop rent the air.
Where will soon their most endeared be?
Every soul was in despair—

But the warriors all departed
And the settlers felt relieved.
Till the wail of mothers started
When they found themselves bereaved.

There were many children missing:
Then the young men volunteered
To pursue—not least then guessing
How the Indians little feared,

For the Indians them eluded
And were soon beyond their reach:
Thus their vengeance was concluded—
They'd perforce the settlers teach.

II

Now these children were adopted
To be Indians like the rest;
But their mothers, had they dropped dead,
Would have deemed it far more blest;
They would then think of the angels
That were winging round the throne:
Hope forlorn let them, with anguish,
Naught to trust but God alone:
Out of anguish oft they'd borrow—
Dreading what might be their end:
Out of anguish, dread and sorrow
Would their peals of prayer ascend:
Restless mothers ever seeking—
Praying, God might yet astound:
Anguish, bitter anguish, wreaking—
Haunted by a Serpent Mound.

III

The militia of the nation
Long had lost the only clue
When some Indian provocation
Stirred up other troubles, too.

Now the Indian tribes were captured
And deported ev'ry one,
While another hope enraptured
Many hearts when this was done:

An appealing prayer was offered
That went forth to all the world,
Also willing aid was proffered
That the truth might be unfurled:

“Many white-mens’ children, painted,
Are among the savage horde.
God, and Gov’nor, truth is tainted
If ye will not them assort.”

Many mothers volunteering
 To apply the scrubbing brush
 Caused the Gov'nor's own appearing,
 These anxieties to hush.

Ev'ry Indian got a cleaning
 As the circumstance behooved ;
 Thus from out their number gleaning
 Many that the nation's proved,

But they all were so appended—
 Mothers no more recognized :
 Their enraptured hope was ended
 Soon as e'er they scrutinized.

IV

Came a mother, far, far distant.
 Long she'd mourned her loved ones ;
 She now scrutinized the list, and
 Found nor daughter's like, nor son's.

All the pent up hope she'd cherished
 Forced a sad hysterick spell :
 All the joy she'd nursed now perished—
 Sore to hopeless grief she fell.

Now the gov'nor, as a brother
 Sympathy would fain impart,
 Came and touched this grief-crazed mother :
 "Mother, come, pour out your heart--"

"Come and tell me how you nursed them ;
 By what names you fondly called ;
 By what sentiments you versed them ;
 E'en the threats that most appalled.

"Fancy then around you coddled,
 Telling them some fairy tale ;
 Sing again as when they toddled
 Gaily 'round : it might avail.

“See my hair to gray is turning,
Yet I still remember well
Mother’s songs in mem’ry burning;
Come, let’s try it: who can tell?”

V

Like a wraith she wavered forward—
As enamored then did pose:
Bidden, she was nothing foward—
Sadly did his tale disclose:

“We had had the Indians’ friendship
Till once *we* a trader lodged;
But away at night he’d then slip—
Stealthily detection dodged.

“Just at sunrise, early morning,
Came a chief to our own house;
Boldly he displayed a warning
Which grave fear in us did rouse.

“On this morning all then gathered
In assembly to account
Why this warrior thus had scattered
Leaves as though insults to flaunt;

“Then an elder spake most gravely—
Filling all our hearts with dread;
Then we prayed and hoped most bravely,
Till our anxious fears were fled.

“Twas the last my fated lost ones
Heard me sing to hush their fear
When I lulled my dearly lov’d ones
Never more my voice to hear:

“On a bed of leaves I’d laid them,
Where they slept in blessed peace;
There the Indians stole—to trade them;
Since that time I’ve known no peace;

"They were searching for the trader
 Who, they claimed, had done grave wrong;
 Failing with the shrewd invader
 Then they took my babes along:

"There before mine eyes they took them,
 I was overcome with swoon:
 Think not that I least forsook them,
 All their work was done so soon:

"Ere the warning could be sounded—
 Odds were sorely 'gainst the town—
 Through the forest they had bounded;
 Like a vulture they were flown.

"I had trusted God's great mercies;
 I have hoped in vain so long,
 Yet once more I'll sing the verses
 Of their fondest nursing song:

SONG

*"Hush my darling, sweetly slumber,
 Nestle in thy downy bed;
 Guarding angels without number
 Softly round thy trundle tread.*

*"Though the storm be howling weirdly;
 Though the clouds be dark and drear,
 Jesus bideth ever near thee.
 Sleep, and dream thou not of fear."*

Full of pathos—most appealing—
 Forth her mother-love did pour,
 Full the natal cord revealing:
 "Mother"—She'd been heard before.

From among the ranks ran forward
 With their arms outstretched tow'rs her—
 Son and daughter no more cowered
 Once the bosom cord did stir.

THE PAN-AMERICAN ILLUMINATION

The day is past and fled—
Now that the sun is set,
The western sky aglow
Approaching night does show.

Still darker and less glow
The western sky does show.
All suddenly at once
The darkness overruns;

For out goes ev'ry light—
Now reigns alone the night.
All is a living* strand
Around where I do stand.

Now softly, sweet and low
Sweet strains of music flow:
Now slightly slow the night
Breaks into brilliant light.

Still, still the music swells
Till ev'ry fibre thrills
And ev'ry beating heart
Emotions does impart.

Still swells the brightest light
Till conquered is the night,
And architectures show
Their forms in radiant glow.

In glory thus arrayed
The mighty crowd is swayed
Till ev'ry hand applause
Gives to the noble cause.

* On the Triumphal Bridge

This tempts me to relate
How near to great men's fate
A likeness this came near
And hushed in me a fear:

How in one's youthful doom
One must descend to gloom,
Thence step by step to rise,
With valiant will surprise

The crowds that do look on
While one one's course does run
To win the world's applause
As one perfects one's cause.



THE SHIP SUCCESS

Awake! oh soul awake!
How long will you concede
Through hibernating sleep?
Arouse yourself and shake

The shackles, from your feet,
That you ignored do keep.
Arouse! oh do arouse!
Do try to realize

That now has come the time
That you your cause espouse
If you your welfare prize
With heart and will sublime.

Your future is so near;
How sacred is your time,
Once lost no more regained,
And life is e'er so dear

When yet in youthful prime
While vigor is retained.
Remember, when you're old,
Your chances of reform

Are gone forever more;
While youth is strong and bold
You can yourself conform
To noble stately lore;

A stately style acquire;
The family honor raise—
So shape your ev'ry year
That friends will you admire

And raise their voice in praise
With their regards sincere.
Dare virtue to denounce—
With all its gracefulness

And its polite pure way—
And you're the worst of clowns:
Your act is none the less
Than criminal display.

Why should you then insist
To wallow in the mire—
Quite in the gutter's depth?
Why then so lowly list?

Do you not oft desire
To upward stride your steps?
Have you ambitions great,
And put in luck your hope;

Or stately things desire
Expecting ne'er the fate
E'er to possess the scope,
Nor aught with force acquire?

Your Ship is anchorless;
In high Winds you are doomed;
You ne'er can sail through Storm,
Nor will you e'er possess

Success, which you presumed
Would to your wish conform.
Ambition—with great stress—
And persevering hope

Are Anchors of the Ship,
In virtue called Success,
Possessing ev'ry scope
From Hull to Topmast tip.

The Breeze which sweeps you on
Is courage called by name;
The Sails which spread before
Are virtues—ne'er to shun;

The stately Helm of fame
Is wisdom evermore.
Our institutions great
Are guiding Stars above;

Our ev'ry day a Sea;
Vocations—Ports of fate;
Heroical true love
Preserves us brave and free.

Do seek what Port you will;
What you would fain possess—
For what your heart may crave—
If you'd your course fulfl,
Do man the Ship Success
And dare the surging Wave.

GRADUATION CONGRATULATIONS— QUADRANTS

GRADUATION GLORY

Now the zephyrs kiss the clover
And the clover cleaves the dew
While the dew has cleft the sunbeams,
But the sunbeams smile *on you.*

DAWN OF DAY

Now the lark salutes the morning
While the morning hails the dawn
And the dawn proclaims a triumph—
Lo, the triumph is thine own.

WEALTH ON THE WAVES

Now the breeze a sail is wafting;
Surging waves a ship breaks through
While the ocean heaves in splendor,
Lo! the ship sails unto you.

TRUE AND TRIED

Now the mountain hails thy valor:
Thou wert called, nor durst to weep,
To acquit thyself most manly—
Challenged by the tempting steep.

TOLLS TRIUMPHANT

Now the bells ring out a triumph;
Gentle breezes, waft their toll,
And the toll proclaims laudation
While laudation hails thy role.

THE GLOWING GOAL

Now the goal in glowing splendor
Spurs the vigor of the knight,
And the vigor urges daring
While the daring proves thy might.

SCENT OF SANCTITY

Now the nymphs have touched the rosebud
And her glory forthwith spread:
Lo! the air is filled with incense
By the fragrance she has shed.

TREASURERS THINE

All the faded stars are blended
To a firmament of blue
While the very richest treasures
Now adorn the world for you.



REGRET

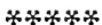
If a word too freely spoken
Only fell on no one's ears,
Many ties were still unbroken,
Shunned were many bitter tears.

If a blow in wrath commanded
Only missed its deadly aim,
Conscience were then not tormented,
Many cripples were not maim.

If a deed done far too hasty
Could just once more be undone,
We would gladly live more tasty,
And a better course we'd run.

If our days of idle leisure
Could be brought back once again,
We would gladly store a treasure,
Time would never pass in vain.

If we could recall the slighted
Opportunities passed by,
All our errors would be righted,
We would find no time to sigh.



HAVE A PURPOSE

As on life's Tow-path you do tread,
What is your point in view:
Your final goal, that you don't dread
To meet— and greet it too?

Your purpose what, or do you think
Of such there is no need,
And at the very thoughts do shrink,
Nor never take such heed?

To face the future do you dare,
Not knowing where you go,
Without a purpose or a care—
Now living on 'just so?'

Your eyes do cast without delay—
Look to the future far:
"I do not care"—dare not to say,
But seize upon your star.

Are you in youth, remember then
That manhood you will see
Ere is it likely that you can
All misconducting flee.

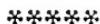
Arouse! Then let your soul arouse!
No longer now delay,
But do some purpose now espouse,
Or you too long might stay.

Do know that time awaits no man—
That you must ne'er be late;
Employ your hours of leisure then
To be just up to date.

Just for a time around you gaze
And view the busy fairs,
And see it not now, with amaze,
Some purpose greeting bears.

If on you smiles some purpose, then—
And promise to you bears—
No more delay but like a man
Approach your good welfares.

Oh! do apply your talents all
To meet your greeting goal—
Be cautious then lest you should fall
And miss your name on the roll.



EVIL TRAITS

MEANNESS

Oh *meanness*, pitiful and base,
Thou wretched fool—false are thy ways—
Abhorrible—all thee despise:
What trophies yield the mean affrays
That thou dost follow such a chase—
Begrimed with foul polluted vice?

INSOLENCE

Oh *insolence*, thou piercing sword—
 A mean foul act or spiteful word
 Gripped with a base and vile contempt:
 What trophies does the strife afford
 To thee in such a vile accord?
 From guilt thou art the least exempt:

IGNOMINY

Oh *ignominy*, wretched thief
 That never spares from woe nor grief
 The meek and mild nor innocent:
 What trophies give to thee relief
 That 'tis worth while, though life be brief,
 To practice grimy detriment?



VIRTUE AND VICE

Oh Prudence grave, let thy light save
 From pitfall and from snare:
 Oh Justice true, let all I do
 With thy bright light compare;
 Pure Temperance, my life enhance,
 My duties all to bear:
 Sweet Fortitude, lest dread intrude,
 Bask me within thy flare:
 Oh Faith divine, thou holy shrine,
 Within my temple shine:
 Oh Hope sublime, of graces prime,
 Make thou my temple thine:
 Kind Charity, most cheerfully
 Enlight this temple mine:—
 Those who thus live to God will give
 A TEMPLE PURE DIVINE

VICE

Let me deride the demon Pride
 That lures to vanity:
 Covetousness sha'n't me possess
 To mar my honesty:
 Let me not trust malicious Lust
 Lest mine be misery:
 No Gluttony shall ruin me
 To mere degeneracy:
 Grim Anger I shall e'er decry:
 Lest folly should be wrought:
 I'll ever loathe grim idle Sloth
 Lest I to doom be brought.
 I'll envy not like imps that plot
 Whose meanness brings them naught—
 Those who thus sin with demons in
 The Devil's den are caught.

LAMENT FOR MY ALMA MATER

Once, "Woodman spare that tree," the poet wrote,
 And with his tears did melt the woodman's heart:
 Now to my Alma Mater I devote
 My flowing tears which crystalize to art.
 Beneath the spreading tree the poet played,
 Thus to his heart became the spot endeared:
 Within thy walls infinities have swayed
 Which to the land a zealous poet reared.
 Beneath those leaves which fluttered in the breeze,
 Long after many tourists sought the spot:
 The thought to crystal art my tears does freeze,
 For when they fain would seek thee—thou are not.
 Though thou must fall, since progress so demands,
 And I must miss thee through each after year;
 Though I must weep, yet shall my busy hands
 Upon thy grave a monument uprears:
 Not like the pyramids of Egypt's plains;
 Not like the marble mark of mortal's grave—
 But an immortal dome, wrought with my pains
 That I from doomed oblivion thee might save.

VOCATION

Be it in the field where the midday sun
 Licks the sweat that hot o'er your brow does run;
 Be it in the stall where the bovine low
 Mingles with your song while the milkstreams flow;

Be it in the depth of the deep mine drift,
 In the foul damp air through the too long shift;
 Be it in the shop midst the flying sparks
 In the early morn ere yet soar the larks;

Be it shoveling coal on a flying train
 Midst the clouds of smoke which your face do
 stain;
 Be it speeding on while your hands control,
 At the throttle, trains that swift onward roll;

Be it with the sick—with the stricken one
 Where denying loving deeds are done;
 Be it pushing through darkness, shine or rain
 That you may relieve all the sick from pain;

Be it in the school teaching children so
 That through all their years they may wisdom know;
 Be it preaching truth—pulpit or from stage—
 For the children seeking from age to age;

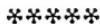
Be it at the bar, causes to espouse,
 For rebuke of crime justice to arouse;
 Be it at the helm of the 'Ship of State'—
 Guiding safely on through its ev'ry fate;

Be it in strange home as servant maid,—
 Doing any work for a sal'ry paid;
 Be it keeping house for a husband dear,
 While your children you will yourself uprear:

Your vocation be whatsoe'er it may—
 Tact and talent will ever have their sway—
 Virtues are alone claims to dignity;
 Ev'ry other claim is iniquity.

THE DIGNITY OF WORK.

How bitter is the thought that e'er reminds
 One of one's utter sole dependency :
 How sweet the blessed thought that ever finds
 In work a dignified transcendency .



AMBITIONS FERVOR, OR THE CITY OF LIGHT

Borne on the pinions ambition unfolds—
 Born of that glow which forever upholds,
 Dazzling and shining, the arch ever bright,
 Bidding one enter the City of Light.

- Holding aloof with a beautiful charm ;
 Battling the odds through the storm and the calm :
 Onward and upward the glorious flight.
 Hoping to enter the City of Light.

Glorious only while hope does assay
 Grazing one's pinion to bear through the fray—
 Even ignoring the pains of one's plight,
 Striving to enter the City of Light.

Way in the distance the city is seen.
 Oh, for that grace which is ever serene !
 Struggling and striving with uttermost might—
 Bravely approaching the City of Light.

Nothing must daunt one nor ever affright ;
 If one would win then one bravely must fight
 On through the darkness—the black of the night,
 Led by the glow of the City of Light.



OVER THE SEA.

Onward and forward and toward the Sea,
 Enthralling by strange voices, thus guided are we :
 Roaring, the Breakers roll over the Shoals—
 The Billows' weird murmur entices our souls.

Tossed on the Billows is many a Craft
 Entreating the Breezes swift onward to waft
 Ships that are laden vith Treasures most rare.
 Most blessed the Pilot whose Ship the waves spare.

Beacons that gleam from celestial heights
 Entail the safe courses ambition incites.
 Beacons revealing the dangerous Rock
 Flash curses on Pilots who foolishly mock.

Mists may enwrap us in gruesomest plight,
 Still, hopefully groping our course through the Night,
 Onward we venture since quit means defeat,
 And that we should ne'er, while alive, dare to greet.

Better to rock on the Billows that surge
 Than stranded on Shoals from which place naught
 may urge:
 Better to struggle 'gainst gruesomest odds
 Than idly to wait on the luck of the gods.

Onward and forward and over the Sea
 To Havens where Treasures our glory shall be.
 Tempests defying we break through the Wave,
 Our efforts displaying, our Treasure to save.

PART II.

FOR THE CHILDREN

LITTLE BUDS.

Little buds of mankind
 Opening into bloom;
 Soon a brighter aspect
 These will all assume.

Soon the play is ended
 And the work begun—
 Using ev'ry effort
 'Gainst all odds to run.

Soon you little children
Youths and maidens are:
Will you through the conflict
Shine as shines a star?

Shine through all your lifetime
And the light reflect
That your teacher scattered
Which one may expect.



SWINGING ON THE TREE TOP.

Blow wind blow, make me go
Gently to and fro:
Let me know are you so
Sweetly soft and low?

While I swing I will sing
Till the echoes ring.
Here I cling to this thing
In a treetop swing.

Oh how sweet this retreat—
Lovely, yes indeed.
Here I beat 'gainst the heat
Like a bird—so fleet.

Light and free— don't you see?
And I sing with glee;
For with me happily
All things joy will be.

When the days of our plays
Will have run their race,
May the chase leave a trace
On each smiling face.

IN THE WOODLAND DELL.

Come, sister dear, you need not fear
 To come along with me;
The path I know, which way to go—
 It leads from tree to tree.

You need not care for fox or hare
 For I will have a stick,
And little Pup is always up
 To ev'ry clever trick.

Just follow me from tree to tree—
 Do keep me well in sight—
And when you spy a rabbit shy,
 You must not get a fright.

I know the place where rabbits race—
 'Tis by a rivulet;
It is a spot where oft I trot
 Till nigh the sun is set.

We'll soon be there, for it is near—
 The lovely little dell:
And there we'll stay, together play
 Till rings the supper bell.

That which you hear so shrill and clear,
 Right up above your head—
A songster bird that oft I've heard;
 Its feathers are blood red.

He's perched so high that you can't spy
 Him in his sly retreat;
So take good care, do not him scare,
 And he'll his song repeat.

His brilliant song is not so long
But sweet his voice he'll raise;
From top to top he'll all day hop
And sing his Maker's praise.

Come, sister dear, and promise here
What I shall ask of you:
Ne'er be so vain to have him slain
To plume your headwear, too.

So now we're nigh where we can spy
The noisy little rill,
And we can hear the rippling clear
That ne'er for once is still:

It trickles 'twixt the rocks there fixed,
And ev'ry ripple tells
That it finds joy—without annoy
The woodland chorus swells;

While Mr. Frog, there on a log
Where both of us can see,
Attempts his best to manifest
That he a bull might be.

But hark! my dear, I still do hear
Another voice so sweet:
The turtle dove must surely love
This beautiful retreat.

Oh, some dear name should give it fame—
The sweetest harmony—
With ardent grace to speak the praise
Of woodland melody.

The red bird there does sing his air
In strains both high and low;
The rivulet gives tones dulcet
While it o'er rocks must go;

In yellow vest and green coat dressed
 The frog sings bass quite low;
The turtle dove, on branch above,
 His tenor well does know:

The gentle breeze does wave the **trees**
 That beat the time so well—
Thus harmony and melody
 Are in the woodland dell.



FROLIC IN THE BARN.

The rain is coming down so fast
 That we can't play outdoors;
But we can romp about and play
 Upon the threshing floors.

We tumble in the hay with mirth
 While playing hide and seek;
Or climb the rafters 'neath the **roof**
 Quite to the very peak.

We climb the ladders up and down
 While playing game of tag:
The girls can never catch us **till**
 We willingly come back.

We have a rope swing in the barn
 Fixed to the strongest beam:
When up we swing and touch the **roof**,
 We cannot help but scream.

The swallows, who do build their nest
 Up in the highest peak,
Do chant their song from morn till eve
 As if they fain would speak.

The Germans say their mournful song
 Is filled with much regret;
 For every word they seem to chant
 Is true, it must be said.

They say: *“When we your barns do leave
 The barns are full of grain;
 When we again return, 'tis gone—”
 A pitiful refrain.

But so 'tis oft with our own selves—
 When fortune seems to come
 We are constrained by Fate's stern hand
 Ne'er least to take therefrom.

*Translated from one of my mother's narratives of German folk lore.

RAMBLES

How dear to us were childhood days
 While we partook in childish plays.
 Together we did scamper round
 And plucked the blossoms that we found.

Our utmost skill we oft did try
 To catch the flitting butterfly..
 Bald bumblebees that had no sting
 We held within our hand to sing.

Grasshoppers, we did make them chew;
 And spiders, made them spider too.
 While clinging to the grapevine swing,
 With childish glee we'd shout and sing.

We waded in the shallow stream
 Whose inurmur mingled with our scream.
 We watched the minnows darting fast,
 The tadpoles slowly paddling past.

We built our playhouse in the wood
With stones and sticks as best we could:
Our carpets—finest ever seen—
Were softest moss of velvet green.

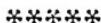
The toadstools served us many ways
For ornamental bright arrays.
There never was a tint or hue
That was not in our toadstools too.

We never made the least mistake
To nibble "*Venomed Broth for Snakes—*"
Much as we relished mushroom fare,
We had been taught to have a care.

Oh, there were Winter berries red
Which grace the tables that we set;
And berries of most any kind
That in the woods we chanced to find.

Round apples, sweet, and plums and pears
And cherries were among our fares.
All things upon our table found,
Most gracefully, were passed around.

But thus it never more can be
To romp around in childish glee.
To manliness we must conform
If we would gain against the storm.



PART III.

FOR YOUTH AND MAIDEN

WHERE IS MY KNIGHT?

Oh, where the noble hero brave
That Mother said would come
To find his worthy heroine
And build for her a home?

He comes, the noble hero comes—
Be still, oh heart, and wait;
He'll surely come to thee ere long—
He comes, be not afraid.

In this sweet lovely garden spot
My heart is blithe and gay;
But gardens bloom not all the year—
Would that he'd come today.



PASSION'S DREAM.

My wooing heart now bleeds for you
As for your love I humbly sue.
I trust my dream you'll understand
Nor yet with scorn my love would brand.

When I upon my pillow lay
Last night and dreamt the night away,
As visions rose and visions fell,
There rose one vision I must tell.

Oblivion shades my former dreams
While this last vision glows and gleams:
My heart beats time to that refrain
Which Cupid chants—chants he in vain?

You stood beneath the apple tree
As down the road you gazed to see
The one for whom your heart did beat,
Awaiting me with love to greet.

The apple tree was all abloom,
The air was filled with sweet perfume,
The western sky was all aglow,
The breeze lulled sweetly soft and low

As I along the roadway sped
With beating heart and anxious tread.
As to your homestead I drew nigh
I strained my eyes afar to spy.

My utmost wish was gratified
When suddenly my eyes you spied:
My heart beat fast, my nerve was thrilled,
My longing soul with hope was filled.

With quickened step I hurried on—
I felt as though I needs must run.
As I drew near, your gleaming eyes
Betrayed your soul's sweet Paradise.

When I embraced you with a kiss
Your face betrayed angelic bliss,
And when I whispered words of love
Then Cupid chanted from above:

*"To you and only you I'll give
My heart as long as e'er I live—
My love is yours and yours alone
While both we live or one is gone."*

I pressed my bosom to your own
While in your eyes the love light shone.
When there I vowed yours to remain,
To happiness we did attain.

I felt your happy beating heart
From which I never more can part:
As there against my own it beat,
I thought I never could retreat.

My heart it beat an extra stroke
At which I from this dream awoke
To find myself in bed bereaved
Of all my joy, which me much grieved.

I sat upon my bed to hark
And looked around, but all was dark:
I felt as though I must be dazed—
In my bereavement I was crazed.

All sleep was gone so I arose—
For rest I could no more repose.
I dressed and paced the bedroom floor
And wished that I had dreamt some more.

I harly could be reconciled—
I thought it must needs drive me wild,
Because with heart and soul I long
To tell you how my love is strong.

You are the only one below
On whom my love I can bestow
And so when we again do meet,
I hope you likewise me can greet.

Don't think me cowardly, my dear,
Nor that to speak these words I fear:
I can't afford to wait till then
When we perchance may meet again.

From you I cannot keep a dream
That so forboding all does seem.
I hope with me you'll not be wrath
When I would faintly plight my troth.

You'll make me wretched if you choose—
If you can e'er my love refuse:
You'll make me happy while I live
If you can now my love receive.

* * * * *

'Twas thus a youth wrote to his love
As he with youthful passion strove,
And soon upon his love prevailed
But later wished that he had failed.

Angelic smile and formal kiss
Were all that made him dream of bliss:
With painful grief he realized
That he had erred when life he sized.

Had he but gazed beyond those eyes—
Explored the soul where virtue lies;
Had he but sought her virtues out
Instead of formal habits proud.

Had he but found her in the dough
It would have made saliva flow—
His lips were then more moist to kiss
His love with genuine sweet bliss.

A craving stomach moves the heart
With passion that ills will impart:
Eyes, cheeks and lips will lose their charm
When virtue fails the soul to calm.



PASSIONS.

Once three fair youths took to journey to find
Grace that would make three fair maidens to mind:
Fair were these maidens with graces serene;
Worshippd was each by one youth as his queen.

Strode they together the Wilderness through;
Soon found a Plain that was fertile and blue:
Filled with emotion because they had found
Homes which of needs full of grace must abound.

Each took a portion—a third as his share—
Striving henceforth their own homes to prepare:
Proudly they planned how they soon hoped to fare,
Ah! but three troops of wild horses roamed there.

Two flowing Rivers divided the Plain:
 One—Disposition, one—Circumstance—twain
 Bordered the Land which the fool occupied,
 While Disposition the simple defied.

One was so simple—the Steeds killed outright,
 Dug with a Spade and rejoiced in his plight:
 Came his fair maiden, with silent content
 Both of them lived what of life they could spend.

One was a fool and the Horses gave chase—
 Shooing them off; they came back in each case:
 Came his fair maiden to starve in her place;
 Pining while he was away on the Chase,

One was discreet and a Lasso he made,—
 Lassoed the Steeds and their spoiling hence stayed:
 Bitted and harnessed they worked in the Plow—
 Happy and wealthy this wise man was now.

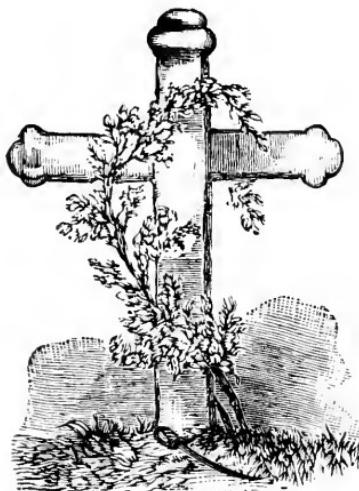
Came his fair maiden with him hence to bide—
 Happy was she in his carriage to ride.
 This little legend of Steeds, my young friends,
 Read and remember—with *passion* it blends.

LOOK THIS WAY



FOR THE FAT OF THE LAND

Posies of The Lord.



Jesus said: "*Ye are the branches,*"
 When He said: "*I am the Vine;*"
 Now my soul doth, like a tendril,
 On the *Tree of Life* entwine,
 There to bask in Heaven's sunshine—
 Everlasting life restored—
 Thus to yield a fulsome harvest
 In the vineyard of the Lord.

Jesus sat upon the mountain
 Where the fairest lilies bloomed,
 And He said, by way of contrast,
 How the saints should be costumed:
*"Solomon, in all his glory * * **
Not arrayed like one of these"—
 But the '*Children of the Kingdom*'
 Shall, in Glory, yet more pleased.

Goes to the tune of "Where the Shannon River Flows" or "Refuge"

Jesus said:.. God wots all doing;
For He notes the sparrow's fall;
 But the "*Children of the Kingdom'*
 Shall be noted most of all—
 For His Children are in Hostage
 While on earth they humbly dwell.
 When we're marshalled to the Judgment
 He will save His own from Hell.

Jesus sought to save the wayward
 When He said: " *I am the way.*"
 Those who follow in His footsteps
 Are not ever led astray
 While He leads us to the *Mansions*
 That for us have been prepared;
 For He said: " *I would have told you*"
 Had *Our Father* not so cared.

Jesus saw us through the darkness
 When He said: " *I am the Light;*"
 Now He leads on to *Glory*
 'Round the *Pitfalls of the Night*;
 And we see the Throne of Heaven
 Through the darkness from afar,
 Lit in everlasting glory
 For our never-failing *Star.*

Jesus saw our minds confounded,
 Then He said: " *I am the Truth;*"
 And He gave us understanding—
 Now the way of life is smooth.
 Jesus is a thorough Saviour;
 Jesus is mine all in all.
 I am glad He came from Heaven
 To redeem us from '*The Fall.*'

Jesus spake of noble shepherds
 Having had an hundred sheep,
 Who, when one had gone to wander,
 Never close an eye in sleep—
 Leaving ninety-nine together
 To recover one lost lamb—
 When He said "*I am the Shepherd.*"
 Of His blessed *Fold*, I am.

Jesus promise to the faithful
 Who His sayings do believe—
 They shall live for everlasting
 In the dwellings they achieve;
 But the '*Floods*' and '*Winds*' shall sunder
 From the '*Sands*' these fools who mock.
 Oh 'tis Glory—hallelujah!
 I have built upon the '*Rock*.'

Jesus taught us conservation
 When He said: "*Ye are the Salt*"—
 And He warned 'gainst losing savour
 Carping at a brother's fault;
 For He blest the persecuted
 That should suffer for His sake,
 Pointing out the martyred prophets
 As upon the mount He spake.

Jesus spake to His disciples
 Of the things he must forbid:
 "*Neither do men light a candle*"
 'Neath a bushel to be hid.
 He rebuked against for swearing
 When He said: "*Swear not at all*"—
 Quite restraining us from vengeance—
 Saints must never so appall.

Jesus spake of holy "*Treasure*"
 When He taught us how to live,
 Gladly helping one another—
 Never scheming while we give—
 Saying: "*Do not sound a trumpet*"
 Lest we only chance to do
 Like the hypocrites and heathens
 Whom your Father never knew.

Jesus taught us holy manners
 When He spake of '*Dogs*' and '*Swine*'—
 "*Lest they turn against and rend you*"
 When you thrust them truths divine.
 Furthermore He gave us warning
 Of the prophets we must shun,
 By whose hypocritic manner
 We must never be undone.

Jesus taught us how to nurture
 In His vineyard worthy fruit
 When He told us, very plainly,
 Ev'ry kind grows on its root:
 "*Grapes of thorns and figs of thistles*"
 Are not gathered e'er of men—
 Of a '*Good Tree*' yielding '*Good Fruit*'
 We shall gather yet again.

Jesus spake of John the Baptist
 In His eulogy of love
 When He spake with veneration
 Sanction by the '*Heav'nly Dove*';
 For He said: "*This is Elias*"—
 The enigma here revealed
 As He gave interpretations
 In the prophesies concealed.

He rebuked the vain and haughty
 Who would scorn His Holy Word,
 When He likened them to children
 That were utterly absurd—
"Calling unto fellows saying:
We have piped, ye have not danced;
We have mourned, you've not lamented
 Quite in haughtiness entranced.

Jesus gave us consolation
 When he set from sorrow free
 As He said: "*my yoke is easy,*"
"Take my yoke and learn of me."
 Jesus said: "*I'm meek and lowly*"—
 Making thus the humble blest:
"Ye that labour heavy laden'
Come and, I will give you rest."

Jesus taught us of '*the Kingdom*'—
 Unity in full command,
 When He said: "*A house divided*
'Gainst itself can never stand."
 While the Pharisees would faintly
 With their falsehood Him entrench
 It was shown them, It was written
"Smoking flax shall He not quench."

When disciples, animated,
 Asked of Jesus who should be
 Of the greatest in His Kingdom,
 Jesus taught humility:
 For "*except ye be converted*"—
 Quite as humble as a child—
 There's no room for you in Heaven,
 Where abide the meek and mild.

Jesus warned against offences
 And of drastic measures spake.
 Even unto amputation
 When *the Kingdom* is at stake.
 Heaven guards the little children
 When offences are the case—
 Jesus said: “*their Angels always*
Do lehold My Father's face.”

Jesus spake in daring posies
 That would make His foes to carp—
“Like the sign of Prophet Jonas:”—
 Full of wit and pointed sharp
 When He toasted John the Babtist;
Nor reed shak'n with the winds:”
Nor “a man clothed in soft rainment”—
 This was baffling to their mind.

Prodding Pharisaic leaven,
 Jesus gave the final knell,
 Branding Pharisees as “*lost sheep*
Of the House of Israel.”
 And He taught His faithful workers
Who are “worthy of their meat”—
 If a house or a city scorns you,
“Shake the dust off of your feet.”

Jesus called upon the Father,
 Praying, in Gethsemene:
“If this cup, except I drink it:
May not pass away from me”—
 While He felt the spirit willing
 And He said: “*Thy will be done*”
 As He bartered for redemption
 Other measure there was none.

"Unto to every one that asketh."
Jesus said, *"It shall be given."*
Whosoever truly seeth
He shall find the way to Heaven,
"For to every one that knocketh"
Jesus opens wide the door ;
Though the way is straight and narrow
He will lead us evermore.
(Amen.)



Gethsemane, the Sculptor's Meed.

On the Judgment seat of Ages
 The Assize Eternal sits,
 Taking issue with the Sages
 While the Sculptor's Hammer hits
 Telling blows upon His Chisel
 As He shapens ev'ry stone—
 Knocking off the superficial
 Thus for evil to atone.

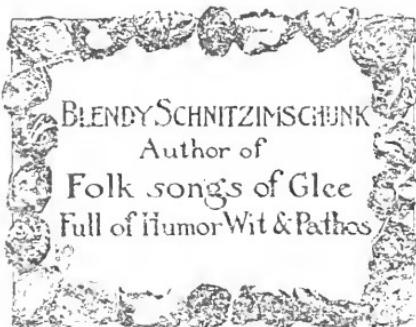
Weirdly on the worldly-stricken
 Falls the ever haunting Clang
 As with faithlessness they're stricken
 O'er their momentary pang.
 Never anguish could compare with
 Jesus in Gethsemane
 When the Sculptor had to care with
 “Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.”

For the Temple of His Heaven
 In the New Jerusalem
 This firm Rock was duly Riven
 That it might conform to them
 Who, by Peter, James and John, were
 Seen transfigured when they shone
 As the Bed Rock Stones whereon was
 To be laid the Corner Stone.

Never let thy heart defile thee
 While the Sculptor deals his blows,
 When He only would to style thee,
 For thy place He better knows.
 Though He sorely tries thy patience,
 Do not yield to full despair,
 For thy trials prove efficience
 Whence to choose His Stones with car-

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